

THE CONSTITUTION.

Published Daily and Weekly.

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THE CONSTITUTION,

Atlanta, Ga.

General Eastern Agent, J. J. FLYNN,

23 Park Row, New York City.

ATLANTA, GA., APRIL 22, 1887.

INDICATIONS FOR ATLANTA, taken at 1 o'clock a. m.

Light rain; warm. South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Tennessee: Local rains; southerly winds; stationary temperature.

CHATTANOOGA claims a population of 35,000.

GENERAL LAWTON is in Savannah. He will leave for Austria about the middle of May.

In South America enthusiastic theatergoers toss costly pearl fans to their favorites on the stage instead of cheap bouquets.

GEORGIA produces more gold than any other southern state. Strike Georgia on what line you may and you will find her a first-class institution.

AUGUSTA will celebrate Memorial Day with imposing ceremonies. Governor Gordon will be the orator. At this season there is not a more beautiful or more attractive city on this continent than Augusta.

MEXICO offers about \$100 to Cutting as a recompense for his imprisonment. Cutting asks \$5,000. Secretary Bayard will probably get Mexico's pardon because Cutting presumed to annoy that illustrious republic.

LITTLE Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, says that as there is to be no extra session of congress he believes he will go to Europe. If Senator Spooner should find Europe pleasant he may stay there. We shall endeavor to scuffle along without him.

THE memory of Alexander H. Stephens is to be honored next Tuesday while the graves of the confederate dead are being decorated. Memorial Day will be observed at "Liberty Hall." There will be appropriate addresses and the grave of the brave "Old Commoner" will be buried beneath flowers.

THE Montgomery Star says: "The biggest man in congress is Representative George T. Barnes, of Augusta, Ga. He tips the beam at a trifle over 500 pounds, and is one of the most popular men in the state. His constituency is proud of him and he will probably remain in congress as long as he wants to."

This paragraph does a weighty injustice to a worthy gentleman. Major Barnes weighs only 399.

If the New York Sun imagines that its persistent attacks on the president are the source of the slightest discomfort to their object it should prayerfully consider the following paragraph from the Providence Journal:

"If President Cleveland is aware of Mr. Dana's recent attacks upon him, he probably regards them with the tolerant composure of the blacksmith, who said of his wife's castigations, 'they amuse her and don't hurt me.'"

THE appointment of Colonel Wesley Merritt to be a brigadier-general in the army, filling the vacancy created by the retirement of General Wilcox, is a marked compliment to that officer. He stood seventh in rank among the colonels commanding regiments, and his own arm, Colonel Edward Hatch, Ninth cavalry, and Colonel B. H. Grierson, Tenth. They received their regiments nearly ten years earlier than Colonel Merritt, and also have distinguished war records.

ALEXANDER MITCHELL, whose genius created the great Milwaukee and St. Paul railway system, died at the Hoffman house, New York, last Tuesday. His death ended a career of unusual activity and steady success. Mr. Mitchell was of Scottish birth and was marked by all the traits of his nationality; but he became a thorough American in his sentiments and opinions. He was a democrat of the strictest sect, and but for his large financial interests and operations, would have taken high rank as a statesman. It was his genius and his influence which held the democrats of Wisconsin together during the dark days of the war, and the yet darker period succeeding the war. His congressional service was fitful and rather substantial than showy. Socially, he was a gentleman of the most available and generous character, and his friends were many and devoted.

Shall Memorial Day be Changed?

For the past twenty years the people of the south have been accustomed to gather about the graves of the heroes of the "lost cause" on the 26th of April to pay their tribute to the memory of those noble men, and to decorate their graves with the brightest blossoms of spring.

This beautiful rite was instituted in Georgia. It was suggested and founded by Mrs. C. H. Williams, of Columbus, the widow of a gallant confederate colonel, who fell in battle for the cause he believed to be right. The 26th of April was chosen because it is the anniversary of the surrender of the last organized army of the confederacy. The day has been plausibly observed throughout the south ever since it was set apart for this holy purpose. The women of the south instituted it, and they have consistently maintained it with loving pride and heroic devotion. Next Tuesday a million women will meet about the graves of "the boys" who were the gray, and the sun of that day will set upon a myriad of graves covered with flowers that have been tenderly laid by loving hands to speak, not of sectional hate, but of that feeling common to humanity, which attests the life of heroic courage, and which embelishes "the resurrection and the life."

It is proposed to change Memorial Day in the south to the 30th of May, so as to make it conform to "Decoration Day" in the north. The 30th of May is a national holiday, and a day every national cemetery blooms.

The people of the north do

not yield to the people of the south in their love for their soldier dead, or in the honors which they pay to their memory.

A committee of R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va., has addressed a circular to the Confederate Memorial societies of the south, suggesting that the same day be selected throughout the south for paying proper respect to the dead of the late confederacy. The 30th of May is recommended for the reason that flowers will be abundant in every part of the country at that time and being a national holiday, all who choose can give that day its proper observance. Governor Fitzhugh Lee, Colonel Charles J. Anderson, General John R. Cooke, Colonel John B. Purcell and Major Thomas A. Brander are of the committee making this suggestion.

Called Back.

According to the Boston Globe it is "good form" now to admire and be familiar with Poe's writings. The Browning craze is on the wane, and the fickle public must have a new literary idol.

Discussing the matter still further, the Globe makes some very sensible points. It says that Poe's attacks upon all the literary men of his generation in this country arrayed against him so many powerful enemies that his fame has suffered as a natural consequence. It was this feeling that caused certain unscrupulous biographers to show up only the worst side of Poe's life, and they made the story so interesting that people read it, moralized over his melancholy career and forgot to search his books. But there is a reaction. The best French and English critics have had so much to say in his favor that his countrymen are now beginning to study the tangled medley of mystery and music wrought by this wonderful man. Not only Poe's poetry, but his short stories, are being called for on every hand. These short stories, by the way, characterized by some forgotten critic as "a mixture of Hawthorne and delirium tremens," are among the best of their kind, and those who read them for the first time will enjoy a genuine sensation.

Now that the bitterness caused by Poe's sharp criticisms has died away, it is well that a later generation should call him back and review both his career and his works.

Coming Home to Roost.

It appears that "Henry Clews" is not a name to conjure with in the cotton exchange. He was a candidate for membership the other day, and would have been promptly blackballed but for the fact that he withdrew his name in the nick of time.

Clews is quite noted as a "financier" and "developer." When Georgia was in the hands of the "developers" Clews was in clover. Some bogus bonds were issued, and although the treasurer of the state, the late Dr. Angier, a consistent republican, but an honest man, advertised the fact that these bonds were worthless, Clews took charge of the issue and managed to dispose of a goodly number of the fraudulent securities to his dupes. He also, as he now says, held on to a goodly number.

For many years he has been hanging around Wall street, attacking the credit of Georgia, and the result of it is that Georgia bonds are higher and harder to get than ever—a fact which shows that one small rascal cannot afford to buck against a great state.

Clews has been playing a losing game from the first, and the withdrawal of his name from the cotton exchange is one of the results. There are some hints, in our special telegram of yesterday, of certain allegations that he would be called on to answer, whereupon he "called in his cogsomen," as the college boys say, and the cotton exchange will not be pestered any more with Mr. Henry Clews.

More About Sewerage.

Worcester, Massachusetts, somewhat resembles Atlanta, having about the same number of inhabitants, a granite base and a superabundance of clay. What such a city has done and contemplates doing in the disposition of her sewerage is a matter of interest to us.

Worcester has a small river into which she has conveyed her refuse for a long time. But this advantage is now about to be made worthless, because the dwellers in the valley along the river declare that they will no longer permit water and air to be polluted and health endangered by the sewerage of their city neighbors.

So the city engineer of Worcester, after taking a trip to Europe to study the subject, has made an exhaustive report in which he recommends the chemical precipitation plan. The engineer found that most of the European cities used this method, employing downward intermittent filtration as an auxiliary. Irrigation he was satisfied would not suit a place like Worcester, and there were difficulties also in the way of filtration. Chemical precipitation therefore would have to be mainly depended upon.

The estimates show that the proposed change in the disposition of sewerage will cost Worcester about \$432,000 to start with, and a running expense of from \$22,000 to \$33,000 a year. With substantial modifications, it is evident that these figures could be cut down one-half.

Sooner or later we must face this problem and dispose of it. We have no large rivers to receive our sewerage. We cannot throw it out in every direction over our suburbs. Downward filtration by itself is not suited to our situation. The plan suggested by the Worcester engineer appears to be our only way out of the difficulty. It cannot hurt us, and it may benefit us to look into it.

Whooping Up Brother Blaine.

THE CONSTITUTION remarked the other day that the result of The Sun's last campaign against Mr. Cleveland ought to satisfy it. To which the Sun replied: "It did satisfy us pretty well, thank you. We came awfully near smashing Brother Cleveland and saving the democracy from the misfortunes of these four years."

This is quite an admission on the part of The Sun. It has insisted, heretofore, that it tried to elect Butler, but it now admits that it had no hopes of electing Uncle Spoons. This fact is worth remembering. Would it have helped the democratic party to make Brother Blaine president? Would it have helped the country? To ask the question is to answer it. Brother Blaine has a reputation for a certain kind of brilliancy, he also has a reputation for a definite species of corruption. It is conceded by every person

who knows the difference between honesty and the lack of it that he is not the man to occupy the chair of Washington.

On the other hand, Mr. Cleveland is both honest and conscientious. It is true, he is not running a partisan schedule, but he is doing the best he can for the whole country, and whatever helps the whole country will, in our opinion, help the democratic party.

We repeat what we have said heretofore, to-wit: Mr. Cleveland will be renominated and re-elected.

An Unconditional Surrender.

A thrill of terror ran through the sinners of New York the other morning when the stately Serbia, of the Cunard line, steamed up to her moorings.

At the pier numerous little groups awaited with impatience the landing of the passengers. These groups were Salvation Army delegates from various cities. They were waiting to welcome Colonel and Mrs. Booth, of London.

When the colonel and his wife stepped down the gang plank they were received with effusion, as the French say. The visitors were worthy of the demonstration. Booth is the son of the founder and general of the Salvation Army. His mission, to use his own words, is "To win America over to our King, whose dying millions shall salvation sing." In the prosecution of this laudable work the distinguished pair will make a tour of the principal cities of the country.

We feel assured that this announcement will be immeasurably gratifying and delightful to our people. In a few scattering localities there may be some ill conditioned and ungodly persons who think that they want booms, but they are clearly crazy, and no attention should be paid to them. What every community really wants and needs is a Salvation Army. Some of the toughest towns in the land, places notorious as the very citadels of sin, have surrendered willingly when they found themselves invaded by "Ash-barrel Jimmie" and "Salvation Sal," and their co-workers. Resistance is out of the question. The Army conquers as it marches on.

Hardly twenty years old as an organization, the Salvationists have spread over three quarters of the globe. They are at work in all the capitals of Europe, in Asia, Africa and America. The sound of their tambourines is heard amid polar snows and tropic heats; there is an "Ash-barrel Jimmie" bobbing up serenely in every maddening crowd, and a Blue Gal fluttering wherever the breezes blow. Say what you will, laugh and sneer if you like, the Blue Gal is here, and she has the air of one who has come to stay. If we were called upon to sum up in one terse phrase the most picturesque and potential feature of this new crusade, we should unhesitatingly respond, "Blue Gal!"

With what has been said for and against the Army and its methods, we have no concern at present. We desire simply to call attention to the growth and progress of the most remarkable organization of the century. Even here in the south, noted for its conservatism and orthodoxy, the Salvationists within the past few months have obtained a secure foothold in many cities and towns. There is apparently nothing in the way to check this singular revolution. It must run its course. Objections do not seem to be in order. Everybody shows the white feather. Sinners tumble to "Ash-barrel Jimmie," and melt at the first appearance of the Blue Gal and her tambourine. This being the condition of affairs it is safe to predict that Colonel Booth and his devoted staff officer will sweep the field. If their visit results in any good, the world will find it out.

The United States senate is getting down very low. It is said that Little Billy Chandler is to be elected to that body from New Hampshire. His opinion is that New Hampshire deserves just such a visitation as this.

An exiled Napoleon is holding weekly receptions in Brussels. He holds them there because his carpets come cheap.

We were mistaken in supposing that the proposition to pave the weather end of Whitehall street had been "referred" by council. It was passed by council, and yesterday was indorsed by the aldermanic board, so that this disgrace to the city will shortly be wiped out.

It is said that Carter Harrison cursed out the reporters and the newspapers before he retired. But, after all the poor fool is gone.

MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH, the well known artist, passed through Atlanta yesterday in his special car. He has been to Mexico, where he made several artistic discoveries, of which the public will learn later.

WILSON BARRETT, the English 'Amlet, is to make another tour of this country. This fact ought to give Mike Brannan and Jessie Thomas a cue.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

BISHOP QUINLAND, of Memphis, Tenn., and his wife will sail for Europe on May 23, to absent several months.

JUDGE MCCONNELL, the new chief justice of Montana, is an aggressive temperance man. He closed up every saloon in his judicial circuit in Tennessee.

GOSPEL having been started that Mr. John Ruskin had become a Roman Catholic, the illustrations at critic recently wrote to "The Christian" that "it was an error and can be only a Christian—catholic in the wide and eternal sense. I have been that free-and-twenty years at least. Heaven keep me from being less a grow older; but I am no more likely to become a Roman Catholic than a Quaker, Evangelical or Turk."

The tallest postmaster in the United States is the one at Scott Bar, Cal. He stands seven feet in his stockings and weighs 280 pounds.

THE emperor of Brazil is still out of sorts and not yet able to attend to the governing business. Brazil, however, seems to be getting on about as usual.

WHEN the czar secretly visited Paris last winter it is said he acted like a schoolboy on a vacation, so glad was he for a time to be away from his ministries.

A LA WILLIAM TELL.

Acquittal of a Man Who Killed Another Shooting at Can Upon His Head.

From the New York World.

The second trial of Thems Taylor, of Moravia, L. I., on a charge of manslaughter in the second degree, in having killed Thaddeus Griffin while shooting at a tin can upon the latter's head, at Norwood, L. I., April 15, 1886, ended yesterday in the Queens county court, Long Island City, and resulted in his acquittal, just one year after the tragedy occurred.

Taylor was a gentleman farmer and was a crack shot. Griffin was his hired man. Both were married men, each having two children, but it was stated upon the first trial that they frequently went off on debauches together, and on one of these occasions they became acquainted with the woman who was the victim of the tragedy.

On the day of the shooting the men were in the igit at Freeport, and Taylor and Griffin, both of whom had been drinking, hired a carriage and the quarter drove

to a clump of woods near Norwood, where they were to go to a neighboring tavern, and, as Reza was drinking a glass of water, Taylor pulled his revolver, and jokingly threatened to put a hole in it. Griffin, who was holding his glass and told Taylor to shoot at it. Taylor did so, and his bullet struck the glass. He repeated this, and shot out from Griffin's fingers. As they were leaving Griffin placed a tin can on his head and told Taylor to shoot at it. The expert aimed and fired, and the hired man fell forward with a bullet in his brain. He was driven to Hempstead, where he died some hours afterward. Taylor surrendered himself to the authorities. His trial was ended July 20, and he was found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree in the Queens county Long Island City. The case was appealed, and the second trial ended yesterday with the above stated result.

Taylor, who was nicknamed "doctor" by those who knew him, has a fortune estimated at \$200,000, let him by his mother, who, it is said, was closely related to the family of Edward Morgan, Jr.

THE NEW MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.

General Lawton in New York and Talks of His Appointment.

From the New York World.

General Alexander B. Lawton, of Savannah, Ga., the newly appointed minister to Austria, was seen yesterday by a World reporter at the New York hotel. The general is a man of fine personal appearance, and although sixty years of age, the burden of life seems to sit lightly upon his shoulders. He is slightly below the medium height, wears a full beard, which is somewhat gray, and has dark kindly eyes. To the reporter yesterday he said: "What the World publishes about my appointment and my going to Austria is perfectly true. I declined the Russian mission of my own free will. Although the president and the attorney general stood by me very handsomely I thought it best for the administration not to accept the position."

"Will you accept the present appointment?" "Yes, I have decided that I will. The appointment, for the moment, was a great surprise to me. I was in the city of Washington, and I was going to Washington had nothing to do with it, so far as I knew. I went there solely to argue a case in the supreme court. As I was going to court some one told me that I was to have the Austrian mission, and I went and met Mr. Bayard and the president. Without any preliminaries the secretary said: 'The president wishes you to be our minister to Austria, and he hopes you will accept at once.' I said: 'Give me a little time to think it over and I will send you my answer.' I then went back to the supreme court and argued my case. Then I left at once for this city, having a little business to attend to. I arrived Saturday, and now am on my way home."

"When will you leave for your new post, general?" "It depends on many things and I have not fully decided. I will certainly be as soon as possible, or Mr. Pendleton will be sent to Austria in my stead. He broke the record. The law distinctly states that a minister is allowed thirty days in which to accept and receive his instructions. I think I will leave in the middle of the month, now as late as I can. Being the attorney of a railroad there are many things to settle. By the way, I think the president has shown most commendable judgment in making the appointment when he did. All the talk about the statement that he was going to be appointed Austrian minister was all bosh. The president never thought of appointing any one until now. It was always said that he had his man in view, but he did away. It was not, however, he simply stood on the sidelines and bided his time. While the country pointed he let it pass. He waited until the new Austrian minister, Dr. Schmidt von Tavera, was presented to him last week. And even then he did not get up before breakfast and rush off an appointment. He waited until he had seen the president and the appointment came in due season."

General Lawton will be accompanied only by his wife. His three children are all married. In addition to his children, General Lawton has two sons-in-law. One of them, who was mentioned in yesterday's World, was, soon after the outbreak of the late war, appointed quartermaster-general of the confederacy.

"You well know," he said yesterday, "that the quartermaster-general is not an easy time as the northern. Our ports were blockaded and we had no field like the north to draw our supplies from. I am prouder of my achievements at that time than anything else in my life."

The Intellectual Girl.

From the Merchant Traveler.

Sam Sample is quite a student and consequently a great admirer of the intellectual, especially in the fair sex. He is a young man of about twenty, and is attending a party, and made the acquaintance of a young lady whose features were decidedly of an intellectual cast. After a number of attempts he succeeded in getting her to sit out one of the dances with him. After a few preliminary remarks Sam opened with: "Which of Shakespeare's plays do you admire the most?" "Oh, I really don't know; did Shakespeare write 'A Bunch of Keys'?" I am ready to say that I admire that the most, without seeing any other." "Yes," said Sam, "it's a nice evening, isn't it?" "Oh, perfectly divine, isn't it just lovely?" The atmosphere is simply heavenly. I was afraid it was going to be stormy this evening. It was very cloudy this afternoon." "Yes, it was; but it's nice to-night, and all's well that ends well." "Why, Mr. Sample, I'm surprised at you; everybody says that you are so original." "Indeed! I feel compelled to say why are you surprised?" "I'm sure I've heard that remark ending well where before."

Etiquette in Paris.

From the Paris Moniteur in Paris.

Fashion has decreed that gentlemen must not wear dog-skin gloves when making calls, these useful articles being only suitable for riding or driving wear. Kid gloves, with white stitching at the back, are imperative in their stead. Neither a gentleman nor a lady should wear a watch chain. His stick, no matter how slender its proportions or how ornamental its head, must be deposited with his overcoat on the hat-rack. "I am sorry to notice that you have fallen lame," remarked a duchess to an old gentleman, who entered her presence carrying a cane. "But I have not become lame, duchess," responded the visitor. "I thought you had, since you cannot get along without a stick," observed the lady.

How It Happened.

From the Boston Journal.

Miss Goodale, who has opened a school among the Indians in Dakota, has written to her friends in amusing account of her last few days experience. The cleaning of the old schoolhouse and making a flag occupied the first day. The school did not open promptly because "the worst thing about Indians is that they will not get up in the morning," but about six o'clock the children began to straggle in. Mr. Edithal brought his two sons, "both seven years old," and when asked: "Twins?" he said: "Oh, no; two wives."

Faith Treatment.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

There is an old retainer of a family in the western addition who is always complaining. "Well, Tim, how are you today?" asked the lady of the house. "I'm all right, ma'am, but I'm a little out of sorts. I've been thinking of you a good deal lately, and I'm sure you'd be mighty obliged to me for this." "What's the matter?" "I'm a little out of sorts, ma'am, but I'm a little out of sorts. I've been thinking of you a good deal lately, and I'm sure you'd be mighty obliged to me for this."

Will Not Lapse Again.

From the Nashville Union.

Our Pulsari correspondent in this morning's special, gives an account of the narrow escape of Laps from the clutches of the law. This is the first time we ever heard of Laps being in such close proximity to water, and we will wager a ginger-cake now that he didn't know what it was, and had no idea what effect it would have on him. We are sorry, because we are satisfied Laps will never have anything more to do with water as long as he lives.

The Most Selfish Men on Selfishness.

From the New York World.

Mme. L. General Durand's Napoleon and Marie Louise. Talking of Corvisart, the emperor (Napoleon Bonaparte) said he was an egotist; that he had endeavored to make himself a god, and that he was against this, and said everybody was selfish—that he himself was selfish. "Don't say, my Louise," said Napoleon, gravely, "that you are selfish; I know no more hideous vice."

Acquainted With the Sex.

From Harper's Bazar.

"I want to put this package away my wife will be sure to find it," said a man, who was leaving the house. "If that's the case," dryly remarked his friend, "just run up stairs and put it under her bed."

A SWAMP MYSTERY.

From the New York Graphic.

The summer of the year 1862 was particularly hot on the coast of North Carolina. It even did something to counteract the more destructive heat of the civil war.

General Burnside had captured a long reach of the seaboard, and had established his headquarters at Newbern. No battles followed very soon, nor any storms to speak of, but the army was very numerous and getting into a high state of preparation for either kind of event.

There were union troops at Fort Macon and Morehead City, not many miles apart from the Newbern. The money came down from the north in July, and a couple of paymasters received orders to go at once and deal it out to the men.

Before the war a railway had been constructed from Newbern to Morehead City. Its rails were laid down in the morning, and the previous evening the busy confederates had made a raid and had swept away all the pickets posted along the line of the railway. New pickets had been posted, he told them, and their proposed trip would be reasonably safe.

"That's," said he, "I guess you're safe from any confederates, but if you don't get through before dark I'd advise you to be pretty prompt about answering my call. The boys'll all be wide awake this time. They won't be slow about taking care of themselves in the dark. Not a man of 'em wants to go to Wilmington just now, nor to Andersonville either."

There were nine men huddled on that handcar when it started. A sergeant and four soldiers were with them. The sergeant was managing that handcar, and the four soldiers were in charge of a black box containing over \$50,000 in greenbacks to be scattered among the volunteers on the morning.

The air grew more and more close and sultry, and just before night a sort of haze began to rise over the eastern horizon.

"That's," said the sergeant to one of the paymasters. "We're going to hear from Cape Hatteras."

"Storm coming?" "Right along. 'Twon't take it long to come." He was correct as to the time required by Cape Hatteras, or whatever was managing that handcar. The sky rapidly grew black as ink and darkness came with but moderate reference to the departing sun.

Just before entering the denser thickets of the swamp a picket was reached and the officer in charge repeated the warning to the quartermaster. "Be ready to answer right away. I'll be picket dark, and some of the boys are nervous after last night's work. They'll shoot quick."

This was to the sergeant, but it was a paymaster who replied:

"Well, now, captain, we didn't say, but we thought the trip would be safer by night than by day. The men have got to have the money. In ten minutes more such a storm had arrived as was a credit to Cape Hatteras and the whole seaboard of North Carolina. On rolled the handcar, its crouching passengers drenched with rain, that fell in lightning flashes and the thunder seemed to be rolling around all over the swamp. Except where a streak of lightning cleft it, the darkness was like a solid wall, and there was neither headlight nor hand lantern provided for that handcar. "Worst storm I ever saw," remarked the sergeant, and one of the brace of men who were acting as motive power grunted back at him. "It's the worst kind of a storm, but you can't see it."

It was a just correction of the statement made by the sergeant, but at that moment a hoarse, deep, but sepulchral voice from among the bushes and blackness at the right of the track commanded: "Halt!"

"Stop here! Quick, boys!" exclaimed the sergeant, and as the men changed instantly from motive power into brakes, he sprang from the car into the thicket and his knees and waist forward to answer the hail and give the countermand.

It was all in vain. Down came a double deluge of rain and thicker darkness. Then a vividness of blue electricity danced through the drooping bushes and a great roar of thunder followed as if in search of the hidden "picket." Either rain, nor lightning, nor thunder, nor anxious questioning of the sergeant discovered him.

There he was, must have been, dead or alive, he had said "Halt," but that was apparently all he had to say.

The sergeant splashed his way back to the handcar, using very strong language, and it was decided to go forward.

"We're just as likely to be fired into, first thing," remarked the paymaster's clerk, "and they'd hit some of us sure."

Both of the paymasters agreed with him, and one expressed his satisfaction that the box containing the greenbacks was waterproof.

"That's more than I am," said one of the soldiers. "This 'ere rain's got through my roof. I can feel it trickle down inside of me."

The handcar was propelled rapidly after that, but the lightning and thunder worked harder than ever. Perhaps half a mile had been gained when another voice, on the left this time and not so near, but equally hoarse and peremptory, shouted: "Halt!"

"Other words which seemed to follow were swallowed up by a wide-mouthed clap of thunder, and so was the sergeant's prompt response, but in an instant he was among the bushes.

The first he heard from him was: "Boys, it's up to my

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RENCE, ALA.
Great Sale of
RESIDENCE LOTS!
APRIL 26

4 APRIL 20.
et for \$9 00, just one fare. Tickets sold 23d,
ate of sale. For circulars and information,
NO. 21 MARIETTA ST. 4t

FOR SALE.
2 ELEGANT LEVEL VACANT LOTS 23

AND ONE TWO STORY

Office and Spacious Residence

Brimful of Room and Comfort.

Thursday, April 28th at 3:30 O'clock p. m.,

ON THE PREMISES,

THIS SALE COMPRISES AN IMMENSE BLOCK of high and commanding ground of great value and has been selected after six years. The lots front Mitchell, Mangum, Markham and Central streets, right at the enormous freight and passenger depot of the E. T. and Ya. railroad. The Central and West Point railroads, exceedingly convenient parties in the railroad departments. Just a block south from the Kimball house and Whitehall street and the historic corner of the river street, yet remote from dust and noise of the same. The subdivision

a rear of most every lot. Churches, schools and
 markets are very near this corner. In fact, the
 best we now offer is just in the center of every-
 thing desirable in the way of elevation, health and
 convenience, and is absolutely the best property
 at can be bought in that section of the city.
 Call at No. 28 Preschtre st. for plans or infor-
 mation. Terms $\frac{1}{2}$ cash and balance 6 and 12 months,
 per cent.

H. L. WILSON,
 ap116-17 sp Real Estate Dealer.

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THE RECEIVERS' BOOKS ARE NOW OPEN FOR

receiving your return. We hope the people will come forward promptly. All cannot wait the last day. Only two months in which to make your return. The books will be promptly closed the last day of April.

R. J. GRIFFIN,
M. T. MALOSE,
M. T. CASTLEBERRY,
City Tax Receivers.

April 1st 8p

SOUTHERN GRANITE CO.,
ARCHITECTURAL, MONUMENTAL STREET
PAVING, CURBING, CROSSING AND
Kinds of Stone Work Promptly Executed
MARBLE—STONE MOUNTAIN AND LITHO-
NIA, GA.
For estimates, address Atlanta, Ga.
April 6th 6m wed fri sun 8p

Sleeping vs. Resting

FOUR, 2 TO 8 ROOMS, AND VACANT LOTS,
from \$100 to \$5,000, on Ormond, Crew, Francis,
Well, Cain, Georgia and Capitol avenues, White-
hall, Forsyth and other streets at reasonable terms.
W. H. Holt, agent Wm. A. Haywood, 1714 Peachtree
St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 8p

OPEN FOR INSPECTION
Choice Goods!
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fine line of Cloths, Cassimeres
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PIPE!

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\$5,000 LOSS OF BOTH EYES.
5,000 LOSS OF HAND OR FOOT.
1250 LOSS OF ONE EYE.
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per week. The cost for above Policy, \$10,000 insur-
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ed to be without one when the cost is so very small
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E. ANGIER, State Agent.

15 N. PRYOR STREET, ATLANTA, GA.
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1897.

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S. E. except as against intentional fraud; and all
be removed.
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approval of profits.

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ATLANTA, GA.

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rate of sale. For circulars and information,
NG. 21 MARIETTA ST.
46
FOR SALE.
2 ELEGANT LEVEL VACANT LOTS 99

[illegible]

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